Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

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TERMS.

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"I DIDN'T THINK OF IT."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Perrin, "the man is coming here."

Mrs. Perrin was a little round dumpling of a woman, with a mild, benevolent face, and a smile almost always on her lips.—On the occasion of this exclamation she was at work in her kitchen, shelling peas, and her neighbor, Mrs. Jerkin, sat beside her, knitting. The misister was seen at some little distance coming toward the house. Mrs. Perrin had her cap ribbons tied upon the crown, her sleeves rolled up to the elbows, her old blue flowered apron on, and her household implements around her, and it was this unfitness of dress that brought out the irreverent speech.

"Who, the minister?" asked Mrs. Jerrin, an expression of peculiar character passing over her face.

"Yes; why in the name of mercy didn't he come yesterday, when I was all cleaned up? In the morning, too, when I'm in such a stew!" said Mrs. Perrin, untying her cap strings as fast as she could, and pressing down her sleeves, while the perspiration rolled down her face.—"Land of promise! I haven't a minute's time." —and sure enough before the words were out of her mouth, the minister stood on the steps of the kitchen.

"La, Sir! how are you! I'm mighty glad to see you. Won't you go round to the front door, and I'll let you into the parlor; I ain't fit to be looked at here."

"Do let me sit down here, good Mrs. Perrin; don't drive me into your parlor, just because I happen to be a minister.—There, now, I am comfortable, if you will allow me;" and he seated himself in a chair.

"Now, Mrs. Perrin, I insist that you go on with work; or shall I shell the peas for you?" he asked, observing the basket by her side.

"La! how comical! no, I'll just go through with the job, seeing as you say so; we must all mind the minister; and she took up her work again. After a few minutes of pleasant discourse, the minister, quite rested and refreshed with a draught of new milk, arose to go on his way.

As soon as he was out of sight, Mrs. Jerkin began praising him.

"He's a good man, and preaches such beautiful plain sermons!" she said.—"Even the little children can understand them. Do you remember his last Sabbath's discourse?"

"Oh, yes, and didn't he give it to some of our folks? I wouldn't stood in Jerry Cook's shoes for something, I tell you. Did you see Jerry Cook's face, just as red as a beet? Let me see—his text was 'Swear not at all.' Didn't he handle it beautifully?"

"Yes I took a good deal of it to myself," said Mrs. Jerkin; "and I don't know but I felt almost as bad as Jerry Cook."

"You!" exclaimed Mrs, Perrin; "you took it to yourself! why, you don't swear, do you?"

The neighbor could not help laughing at the comical expression of the little, fat, rosy face before her.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Jerkin, "I found that I had been swearing the greater portion of my life, though, I hope, ignorantly, and I resolved to give it up immediately; since then I've been careful of my speech."

Mrs. Perrin looked first amused, then thoughtful; but the shells fell on the floor, the knitting needles clicked, the cat purred, the sunshine lay across the fields, everything told of quiet and contentment, and the two women only spoke occasionally as they worked.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Perrin, looking up, "there's the bird cage open! suppose the bird has gone." She shut the door, and was about to resume her occupation, when she observed a singular smile on the face of her companion, that arrested her attention.

"Of what are you thinking? she asked.

"Of that expression you used just now, and I dare say you would think quite innocently."

"Oh! I said 'good heavens!'—I remember," replied the little woman more soberly; "why that is nothing!"

"But Christ said it was," returned the other; "don't you remember the words, 'For I say unto you, Swear not at all;' neither by heaven, for it is God's throne?' "

"Oh dear! I never thought of it I'm sure," said the little woman; "why, it is real swearing, isn't it?"

"I consider it so," replied Mrs. Jerkin.

"Dear me, and I've got such a habit of it," said Mrs. Perrin again.

"Do you think it is wrong to say, 'In the name of mercy,' 'In the name of patience?' " asked Mrs. Perrin.

"Most decidely," replied Mrs, Jerrin; "Christ says:, 'Let your communications be yea, yea, and nay, nay; and he adds, 'For whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil.' "

"Dear me, but people don't know they are doing wrong," said Mrs. Perrin.

"They have the Bible," replied the neighbor.

"To be sure," replied Mrs. Perrin, hastily, "I didn't think of that—but you don't find a woman but uses some such words."

"More's the pity," said Mrs. Jerkin.—"I have heard real lady-like women exclaim, 'My gracious!' and, 'Creation!' That was swearing by the earth and all created things; expressly forbidden, you know. Ah! intemperance of speech prevails to an alarming extent."

"Dear me!" said little Mrs. Perrin.—"There! was that wrong?" she asked, looking up. "Well, from this time, henceforth, I'm determined to have no slang words or pet phrases," said the little woman resolutely. "The thought that I was swearing—it seems dreadful!"

"I, too, am determined to have my communication as near the Gospel command as I can, replied Mrs. Jerkin, gathered up her knitting work and taking her departure."

Mr. Perrin came home from the farm, very tired. He was a good Christain brother, was farmer Perrin, but his communication was not yea, and nay.

He sat down to the supper table.—Some of his favorite cakes were set smoking before him. "Jerusalem!" he exclaimed, with a pleasant air, as he surveyed the smoking pile.

"O Amos!" said his wife; "don't swear, please."

The farmer dropped his knife, and started with a ludicrous countenance.

"Don't swear!" he repeated.

"You said Jerusalem, husband."

"Well, and you call that swearing, do you?"

"Christ says so."

"I'd like to have you tell me where! Pretty conscientious you are getting, to reprove a man like me for swearing, who never swore in his life."

"Why, husband dear," said Mrs. Perin, repeating from memory, that she had refreshed since Mrs. Jerkin's visit; "Christ says, 'Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; neither by the earth for it is His footstool, neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the Great King.' "

"Well, really, I never thought of that before and the habit has grown on me I believe."

"You see, Mrs. Jerkin was in here, and took me to task for swearing.

"Took you to task for swearing; well that's a pretty piece of intelligence."

"But I did, Amos; I said 'Good heaven,' and, 'Good gracious,' and ever so many other things, when I felt excited; and she proved from the Bible that I was wrong—and so I was you see."

"Well, well—that's a new light to me. 'Live and learn' my old grandmother used to say, but I never thought that I'd been swearing all my days. Why, I've often said that I never used an oath in my life. Je—there! you see I just saved myself. A habit is so hard to break, but I shall try it. Just reprove me when you hear it, will you wife."

"Yes, if you will reprove me."

"I certainly will," returned the farmer; "when I hear the wrong word coming, I will quote the Bible—'Swear not at all.' "

A Revolutionary Relic.—One of the most valuable and interesting relics of the Revolution is in the possession of John W. Putnam, Esq., of White Creek, Washington county. We allude to the brace of pistols belonging to his grand father, Israel Putnam, the Revolutionary hero. Their history is remarkable.—They orginally belonged to Majar Pitcairn, of the British army, who commanded the expedition to Concord and Lexington. It was at the latter place, as every body remembers that Pi cairn drew them from his hostlers, with the insolent words, "Throw down your arms, ye rebels, and disperse," and fired upon the militiamen, the first shot of the Revolution. In the subsequent retreat to Boston, Major Pitcairn's horse was shot under him, and left on the road. The saddle and pistols of course fell into the hands of the rebels, and were carried to General Putnam, then in command of the American forces. Mr. Putanm has them preserved in a mahogony case, accompanied with a certificate in the hand writing of Aaron Burr, that they were the pistols used by Gen. Putnam, when in active service. Mr. Putnam, who was in the city to-day, says that he remembers the pistols in the possession of his family 68 years—a period longer than his hale and erect appearance would lead one to suppose he had lived.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

An Allegory.—A venerable old man toiled through the burden and heat of the day in cultivating his field with his own hands and in strewing with his own hand the promising seeds into the fruitful lap of yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linen tree a divine vision. The old man was struck with amazement. "I am Solomon," spoke the phantom in a friendly voice; "what are you doing here, old man?" "If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this?—In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious and gather. What I then learned I am following to this hour. "You have only learned half your lesson," resumed the spirit; "go again to the ant, and learn from that insect to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."

☞ One reason why the world is not reformed, is because every man is bent on reforming others, and never thinks of reforming himself.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

WHAT A WRETCHED WOMAN SAID TO ME.

All the broad east was laced with tender rings
Of widening light; the Day-break shone afar;
Deep in the hollow, 'twixt her fiery wings,
Fluttered the Morning Star.

A cloud that through the time of darkness went,
With wanton winds, now, heavy hearted came
And fell upon the sunshine, penitent,
And burning up with shame.

The grass was wet with dew; the sheepfolds lay
Lapping together as far as eye could see,
And the great harvest hung the golden way
Of Nature's charity.

My house was full of comfort; I was propped
With life's delights, all sweet as they could be,
When at my door a wretched woman stopped,
And weeping said to me:

"It's rose-root in youth's seasonable hours
Love in thy bosom set, so blest wert thou
Hence all the pretty little red-mouthed flowers.
That climb and kiss thee now.

"I loved, but I must stifle nature's cries,
With old dry blood, else perish, I was told;
Hence the young light shrunk up within my eyes,
And left them blank and bold.

"I take my deeds, all, bad as they have been—
The way was dark, the awful pit-fall bare;—
In my weak hands, up through the fire of sin,
I hold them for my prayer."

"The thick, tough husk of evil grows about
Each soul that lives," I mused, "but does it kill?
When the tree rots the imprisoned wedge falls out,
Rusted, but iron still.

"Shall He who to the daisy hath access,
Reaching it down its little lamp of dew
To light it up through earth, do any less,
Last and best work, for you?"

CATECHISM FOR THE ENGAGED.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine—
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
One shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as fair and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have asked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true pity tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole body wither and decay.

I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

I hear the soft wind sighing
Thro' every bush and tree,
Where now dear mother's lying
Away from love and me.
Tears from my eyes are starting,
And sorrow shades my brow;
O! weary was our parting—
I have no mother now!

I see the pale moon shining
On mother's white headstone—
The rosebush round it twining,
Is here—like me—alone:
And just like me are weeping
Those dew-drops from the bough;
Long time has she been sleeping—
I have no mother now!

My heart is ever lonely,
My life is drear and sad—
'Twas her dear presence only
That made my spirit glad.
From morning until even,
Care rests upon my brow:
She's gone from me to Heaven—
I have no mother now!

A Young Devil.—The Baltimore Republican gives the following as a few of the exploits of a boy only fifteen years of age, the son of a very respectable citizen of that city:

"Not long ago a young Newfoundland dog, the favorite of his father, was securely tied by this young Nero, who saturated the body with camphene or etherial oil, and set fire to the inflammable fluid, which had the effect of roasting poor Towser until life became extinct, after the endurance of the most intense, agonizing suffering which the human mind can conceive.

"The young demon being well pleased at the result of this grand experiment in cruelty, next endeavored also to roast alive his little sister, a bright, intelligent child, about six years of age. Having playfully bound her legs and arms with a clothes line, he placed her upon the cooking stove in the kitchen, heated to an intense degree, in order to prepare dinner for the family. The shrieks and yells of the agonized little victim were fortunately heard by the mother, who rushed down and removed the poor child before she was fatally injured. Toleration of the young villain's crimes had now ceased to be a virtue, and the father was engaged in preparations to effect his removal to the House of Refuge, when the hopeful youth suddenly disappeared at night from his dwelling, and no tidings have been heard of him since."

☞ There are some lessons which adversity will be sure to teach us, and among others this—that goodnes in a woman is more admirable than beauty.

THE WIFE'S DOWER.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

Everybody who knew John Gordon, knew him to be one of the meanest and most contemptible men that ever was permitted to walk the earth. His brother Peter was not a whit better—so that it would appear that meanness ran in the blood of the family.

John was pretty well off, so far as this world's goods were concerned. His property was all invested in a building, which had cost him about thirty thousand dollars. He did not marry until he was forty, probably from the fear of incurring unnecessary expense, and when finally he did take a wife, it was only as he would have taken a housekeeper or a servant.

Mrs. Gordon was a poor woman, and had been obliged to work very hard for a living. Probably she married on purely prudential considerations, for she could not possibly have loved such an abortion of a man as John Gordon. She took good care of her husband, treated him better than he deserved, and was in every respect an obedient and faithful wife. All she received in return was the meagre support which her husband's house afforded her.

When they had been married some three years, John was taken sick, and lingered along for a year, during which time his wife was an excellent and devoted nurse. Her whole aim seemed to be to discharge her duties to her lord with fidelity. She had made a bargain with him, and she performed her part of the contract with scrupulous exactness.

One day I heard that John Gordon was dead. It was a small loss to the community, and I could not think of pitying his wife, for her lot would certainly be ameliorated by his departure. She would be entitled to one-third of the income of his real estate, which, for a poor woman, as she had been, and having no luxurious tastes to gratify, would be a princely stipend.

I neither thought nor heard any more of John Gordon or his wife for two months, when a woman appeared at my office and introduced herself as the latter.

"Mine is a very bad case, Mr. Docket," said she, seating herself by my side.

"Indeed, Madame, I thought you were very comfortably provided for. You have one-third of the income of your husband's estate, or about a thousand dollars a year."

"It seems I am not to have this," she replied, gloomily.

"Not to have it?"

"Peter Gordon has taken possession of the estate, declaring it belongs to him.—He says my husband sold it to him a few weeks before he died.

"How could that be?"

"Peter showed me the deed, and says it has been recorded."

"Does he? So much the better for you, madam. The law gives one half of his personal estate——"

"But he sold it for one dollar," interrupted Mrs. Gordon.

"He could not sell it without your concurrence. Did you release your right to dower on the premises?"

"No, Sir; Peter says I did, though, and shows me my name, duly witnessed on the deed."

"Didn't you sign it?"

"No, sir."

"Then it is a forgery."

"I suppose it is."

"You are confident you did not sign your name to the deed?"

"I am very sure I did not, and for a very good reason."

"How's that?"

"I cannot write; I never even wrote my name. I was brought up in the country, where girls did not get so much schooling as now. My folks were very poor, and I never had a chance to go to school," replied Mrs. Gordon, with some confusion.

"Did your husband know that you could not write."

"No; I never told him."

I dismissed her with the request that she would call next day. I went at once to the Registry of Deeds, and found that Mrs. Gordon had told a straight story. Her miserable, contemptible husband had given his property to his brother in his last days, so as to cheat his wife, who had cared for him in health and nursed him in sickness, of her just claim upon his estate!

He was a villian! I need not say I felt a deep interest in the case of my client, and resolved to bring matters to an issue at once. The next day, when she called, she directed me to her sister, by whom it could be proved that Mrs. Gordon could not write her name; who had seen her make her mark often, within a very short time.

The person who professed to have witnessed the signature of Mrs. Gordon, was a clerk in the office of Peter. My first move was to take steps to arrest him on a charge of fraud, and to sue his employer for my client's share of the rents, which he had just collected, and which he had refused to pay over to her.

"When I had proceeded thus far, I received a visit from Peter Gordon.

"What do you mean, sir?" he asked, rather sourly.

"I mean to get justice for the widow," I replied.

"Her husband was worth nothing when he died."

"But his wife has one-third interest in his real estate."

"It was sold to me, and she signed away her right of dower."

"Did she?"

"Certainly she did."

"Did you see her sign?"

"To be sure I did; so did my clerk."

"There is a warrant out for the arrest of your clerk; and I have some hopes that he will turn State's evidence, and convict the principal."

He started back with astonishment and terror.

"I—I don't understand you!" he stammered out.

"Don't trouble yourself about it, Mr. Gordon, you will understand it all in due time."

"For God's sake don't arrest my clerk. He will be the ruin of me," groaned he.

"You should have thought of that before," I said.

"You don't mean to say that every thing isn't all right about my brother's affairs? Because, if it isn't, I will certainly make it right, you know," he whined in supplicating tones.

"You say you saw Mrs. Gordon sign the deed?"

"Well—no; not exactly; but I suppose she signed it."

"You don't know she didn't?"

"How should I know?"

"She can't write! She never even wrote her name in her life!"

"Gracious!"

I pressed the rascal closely and made him acknowledge that his clerk had signed the name for a consideration. I would have caused both of them to be sent to the State Prison, if Mrs. Gordon had not begged me to spare them. As it was, I secured the entire income of the estate for my client, and charged my bill to Peter, who was but too glad to pay it.

Torture in India.

The London Weekly *Times* gives the following extract from a work, entitled "The Sepoy Revolt, by Henry Mead," which has lately been published in London. The *Times* introduces the paragraph with the following remark: "The English people should not get credit, or rather discredit, for that which belongs to acts committed in their name. The most horrible revelation of modern times is indisputably the practice of the torture in India, not with the sanction indeed, but with the connivance of successive Governors General."

The following list of the tortures current in Travancore was prepared in 1848, by an English gentleman of the highest respectability, at that time, and for many years previous, residing in the country.—It will be seen that the operator had an extensive choice in his modes of treatment, and could deal with any kind of subject, in any locality. Some of the kinds of torture were constantly practiced, others with less frequency; but there were a few of the government servants who had learned the whole system, and could apply any example of persuasive treatment that might be required. Beating hardly comes under the head of torture, though the Burmese method of laying the patient down on his face and kneading his back with the elbows of a strong man, approaches very near to it. Our catalogue should commence with racking the arms backward with cords tightened with increasing severity.—While the arms are thus tied, bearing down the neck by heavy weight pressing on the nape. In several ways wrenching various parts of the body, even to the dislocation of bones. Using an instrument called the "kitti," formed by two sticks connected by a loose joint at one end which serve as a fulcrum, the two sticks being levers between which the fingers, &c., are squeezed; the degree of tightness is not limited but increased according to the nature of the case, and the will of the torturer.

Whipping with a species of stinging nettle. Tying two women together by their long hair, and suspending a weight on that hair between them. Using a long iron rod, with rings which slide on it, each one fitted to contain a leg; when these are filled, pulling the rod with violence, through a hole in the wall or wooden frame, by one end, so that all the legs are jammed up together at the other end. Suspending by the hands on a pole for a lengthened time. It is not needful to tie the hands together; they can be constituted self-suspenders in this manner—while holding the hands in front with the palms inwards, toward the chest, and the fingers extended, turn them inward, and then lock them one in the other, so that the ends of the fingers on one hand rest in the palm of the other; then a pole passed across them inside will suspend the body, its pressure preventing the fingers from slipping out. While suspended in this manner, lighting a fire beneath the victim. Adding to his sufferings by throwing the strongest red pepper on the fire, so that its severely pungent fumes assail his eyes, nose and throat. Shutting up in a close room, and smoking the sufferer. Applying hot pincers, and that to parts of the body which cannot be mentioned. Enclosing a number of pinching beetles in half a cocoanut shell and tying it over the navel, so that the horrid sensation of digging into the bowels is inflicted. Rubbing the arm from the wrist to the elbow with salt and sand, then applying longitudinally a number of eekil, or ribs of cocoa-nut leaf and tying them on firmly; then forcibly drawing them out one by one, the finer end first, so that each one, by its own increasing thickness, and aided by the salt underneath, cuts burningly into the flesh, and leaves its smarting sting.

☞ On Sunday a lady called to her little boy who was tossing marbles on the sidewalk, to come into the house. 'Don't you know you shouldn't be out there, my son? Go into the back yard if you want to play marbles—it is Sunday.—'Well, yes. But ain't it Sunday *in the back yard*, mother!'

Good Reply.—A line in one of Moore's songs reads thus: "Our couch shall be roses bespangled with dew." To which a sensible girl, according to Landor, replied: "T'would give me rheumatiz, and so it would you!"

Burning the Dead—How to do It!

A book has lately been published in London, says the *N. Y. Evening Post*, which seeks to show the advantages of the ancient method of burning the dead. The only objection its author, who is a "member of the College of Surgeons," finds against burial is a sanitary one. He say that "it is proved beyond all doubt, during the progress of that decomposition which a body undergoes when buried, the elements of which it is composed before entering into other and purer states, form certain putrid gases of so deadly a nature, that their inhalation in a concentrated state has been known to cause instant death; while in a more diluted form, they are productive of the most serious injury to health. These dreadful effluvia very much in their virulence, according to circumstances; and there is probably one particular stage of decomposition in which they attain their most fatal power."

Church yards are, it is well known, most pestiferous places. And we are assured that the gases emanating from the bodies when diluted possess the power of "producing various diseases, diminishing the agerage duration of life, lowering the tone of general health, and thereby rendering thousands more liable to be attacked by fever, cholera, or other epidemics. It is not because they are often imperceptible to the sense of smell that they are harmless."

"How are these evils to be averted?—Thirty-five millions of human beings die every year—nearly four thousand every hour. By what means shall this great mass of decaying substance be so disposed of as not to vitiate the air the living breath and the water the living drink. The remedy the author proposes is as we have hinted, that of burning. To render the idea less revolting he proposes a plan which seems to him without objection.

The Bridal Skirt.—The spread of the skirt business has become so extensive that novelties in this line can hardly be expected. Yet we have a novelty in the "Extension Bridal Skirt." Its peculiar advantage consists in its construction.—Instead of being formed of continuous bars of hoops, so objectionable to the wearer, it is looped throughout, or we might say jointed, so that it operates with the same facilty as if joined with so many hinges.—The use of the old skirt, to be graceful, requires a sort of apprenticeship in learning to raise it when setting down, &c.—All this is obviated by the Bridal Skirt. It is at once an adjustable skirt, with an adjustable bustle, perfectly simple, light and airy. It preserves the wearers *en bon point* while walking, and in a *tete-a-tete* allows an admirer to approach within a pleasing distance.—*Utica, N. Y. Telegraph.*

What a perfect love of a skirt, to be sure!

What is Happiness.—"Every thinking man," says Cecil, "will look around him when he reflects on his situation in this world, and will ask, what will suit my case? What is it that I want? What will satisfy me? I look at the rich, and I see Ahab in the midst of all his riches, sick at heart for a garden of herbs. I see Dives, after all his wealth, lifting up his eyes in hell, and begging for a drop of water to cool the rage of his suffering.—I see the moment when he was exulting in his hoards.

"If I look at the wise, I see Solomon with all his wisdom, acting like a fool; and I know that if I possessed all his wisdom, were I left to myself, I should act as he did. I See Ahithophel, with all his policy, hanging himself for vexation.

"If I turn to men of pleasure, I see that it is Satan's bed into which he casts his slaves. I see Esau selling his birthright for a mess of pottage. I see Solomon, after all his enjoyments, leaving his name a scandal to the church to the latest age.

"If I think of honor, I take a walk in Westminster Abbey, there is an end of all inquiry. There I walk among the mighty dead. There is the winding up of human glory. And what remains of the greatest men of my country? A boasting epitaph. None of these things can satisfy me. I must meet death, I must meet judgment, I must meet God, I must meet eternity."

Habits of Grasshoppers.—A Goliad correspondent of the Colorada (Texas) Citizen give some curious facts in relation to the grasshoppers which have recently swarmed in that region. He says:

"They have an especially fondness for wheat and cotton, but don't take so kindly for corn. The only vegetable they spare is the pumpkin. The most deadly poisons have had no effect on them; fumes of sulphur they rather like than otherwise, mosquito nets they devour greedily; clothes hung out to dry they esteem a rarity; blankets and gunny-bags they don't appear to fancy. They swim the broadest creeks in safety, sun themselves awhile, and then go on. The whole mass appear to start and move at the same time, travelling for an hour or two, devouring everything in their way and then suddenly cease, and not move perhaps for a week, during which time no feeding is noticed; and finally, they carefully avoid the seacost."

☞ "I come for the saw, sir," said an urchin.

'What saucer?" asked the neighbor.

'Why, the saw sir, that you borrowed,' replied the urchin.

'I borrowed no saucer.'

'Sure you did, sir—you borrowed our saw, sir.'

'Be off, I never saw your saucer.'

'But you did sir—there's the saw, sir, now sir.'

'O, you want the *saw!* Why the thunder didn't you say so at first?'

Pocket Piece.—Among the victims of the Henry Clay disaster was Stephen Allen, Esq., an aged man, formerly a mayor of New York, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. In his pocket book was found a printed slip containing the following advice:

Keep good company or none.

Never be idle.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

When you speak to a man look him in the face.

Good character is above all things else.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any man speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

Live within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Never play at any game of chance.

Avoid temptation through fear that you may not be able to withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.

Never speak evil of any one.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

New Method of Extracting Teeth Without Pain.—It is the application of the galvanic current, excited by a small battery, such as is used for medical purposes—one of the poles being attached to the extracting forceps, and the other held in the hand. A little apparatus is attached by which the operator with his foot causes the circuit to be closed as he applies the instrument. The electrical current is small in quantity, causing but a slight and not unpleasant sensation when the two poles are held, one in each hand. There is nothing, therefore, at all alarming in the application. When the forceps are placed upon the tooth the operator treads upon a little spring, which closes the break in the wire, and at the same instant draws the tooth. The effect appears to be simple benuming to the nerve, the shock being too trifling for the relief to be ascribed to this distracting the attention of the patient. Should it prove what certainly seems probably, it will be the best agent ever yet applied—perfectly harmless, acting only during the time of the operation, and effecting only the nerve itself, which in ordinary cases transmits the pain. Nor will the application be limited to the extracting of teeth, for it seems equally well adapted to most surgical operations, the conducting wire being attached to the lancet or other instrument equally as well as to the dentist's forceps.

Give Your Boys a Trade.—Franklin says, 'He who has a trade has an estate,' and never was a more true or a more useful maxim uttered by that great man.—Many were the rules of conduct laid down by him and practised too through all his long life, which if followed by all men, in all times and ages, would greatly improve the condition and circumstances of the multitude. The above saying is easy to be understood by all, and applicable to all professions or pursuits. A great day will it be for our country when the youth shall be induced or compelled to adopt some calling, whether mercantile or what is really mechanical. And a greater day will it be when more of them shall chose the latter—to become respectable mechanics, rather than second-rate lawyers, or doctors, or divines.

Humanity.—A dry sort of genius once undertook to name and classify the different sorts of fools in this world—

1st. The ordinary fool.

2d. The fool who is one and don't know it.

3d. The fool who is not satisfied with being a fool in reality, but undertakes, in addition, to play the fool.

☞ It is said that one of the editors of the Lewisburg *Chronicle*, soon after commencing to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text. "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

☞ A "hoss" doctor in Orleans, made a bet of $20 that he could remove from any horse anything nature had not placed upon the beast, ringbone, spavin, etc.—A wag took the bet, showed him a mortage for $150 on a favorite horse, and pocketed the $20.

Mr. Rarey.—This renowned horse-tamer has been voted a medal, of the value of $100, by the Society for the Preventation of Cruelty to Animals, in acknowledgment of the humane tendencies of his system and its probable effect as regards the future treatment of the horse.

Quoth Smith to Jones, 'It really is a sin
You do not get your pretty house fenced in.'
Quoth Jones, 'You're wrong—the place is fenced, confound it!
My wife is all the time a *railing* round it.'

☞ If we would divest death of its terrors, we should clothe our lives with christian virtues.